

THE  
**SATURDAY MAGAZINE.**

VOL. II.—NO. 15.

Philadelphia, April 13, 1822.

**Miscellany.**

SOUTHEY AND BYRON.

Although we can verily say, on the quarrel of these two, *Non nostrum tantas componere lites*; yet, since a certain portion of the public takes an interest in disputes of this sort, as it does in pugilistic matches, we have thought it incumbent on the *Literary Gazette* to give the particulars of the wordy battle which has been fought between the Neat and Gas of the poetical world. Our ignorance of the Fancy phraseology will, we trust, be a sufficient apology for our not going scientifically into the *Rounds*, as

*Round first.* Gas put in a *tyler*, which floored his adversary, saying gaily at the time, *Wat* are you piping already?

*Round second.* Neat returned upon his adversary with a body blow, which would have done the *first murder: both down.*

*Round third.* A rally, in which great pluck was displayed. Neat had evidently the *best wind* (that which has procured him the game name of "*the Destroyer*,") but Gas's hammer was terrible, as he struck right and left regardless of consequences. *Even betting.*

*Round forth.* Neat knocked down in coming to the *scratch*: loud cries of "*Foul, foul!*" and the Seconds interfered. The *Leach-gatherer* appealed to the ring for Neat, and *Peascod*, alias *Shelly*, bl—st—d all their eyes on behalf of Gas, &c. &c. &c.

According to this fashion, were we learned in slang, we might agreeably describe the fight; but as this is not the case, we shall put the circumstances of the story in our own straight-forward way.

The antipathy entertained towards each other by Byron and Southey seems to have been of long standing, and, unlike man himself, to have gathered strength from age. The earliest symptom, which we can call to mind, of this disposition on the part

of the noble lord, occurs in his celebrated satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Here, among the multitude of old and new friends, as well as old and new foes, whom his lordship reviles, we find an attack on Southey:—

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young,  
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,  
An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim,  
While awe-struck nations hailed the magic name:  
The work of each immortal Bard appears  
The single wonder of a thousand years.\*  
Empires have mouldered from the face of earth,  
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,  
Without the glory such a strain can give,  
As even in ruin bids the language live.  
Not so with us, though minor Bards content,  
On one great work a life of labour spent;  
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,  
Behold the Ballad-monger Southey rise!  
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso, yield,  
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.  
First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,  
The scourge of England, and the boast of France!  
Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,  
Behold her statue placed in Glory's niche;  
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,  
A virgin Phœnix from her ashes risen.  
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,†  
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son;  
Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew  
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.  
Immortal Hero! all thy foes o'ercome,  
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb!  
Since startled metre fled before thy face,  
Well wert thou doomed the last of all thy race!  
Well might triumphant Genii bear thee hence!  
Illustrious conqueror of common sense!  
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,  
Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales;  
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,  
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.  
Oh! Southey, Southey!‡ cease thy varied song!

\* "As the *Odyssey* is so closely connected with the story of the *Iliad*, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the "*Paradise Lost*," and "*Gierusalemme Liberata*," as their standard efforts, since neither the "*Jerusalem conquered*" of the Italian, nor the "*Paradise regained*" of the English Bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems.—Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will survive?"

† "Thalaba, Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. Joan of Arc was marvellous enough, but Thalaba was one of those poems 'which,' in the words of Porson, 'will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till then.'"

‡ "We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: 'Madoc disdains the degraded title of Epic.' See his preface. Why is Epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late Romantics of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogilvy, Hòle, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the Epic Muse; but as Mr. Southey's poem 'disdains the appellation,' allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore, in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?"

A Bard may chaunt too often and too long :  
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare !  
A fourth, alas ! were more than we could bear.  
But if, in spite of all the world can say,  
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way ;  
If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,  
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,\*  
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue :  
"God help thee," Southey, and thy readers too.†

Not contented with this attack, Lord B. returned to the charge in Don Juan, where a profane parody says—

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope ;  
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey ;  
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,  
The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy :

The poet Laureat is also assailed in other passages ; but we have quoted enough to show that Lord Byron is the aggressor. Indeed he of all men has the least claim to exemption from attack on the score of his own forbearance ;—the golden rule is certainly as small a part of his Lordship's Creed as the Christian Belief itself. He has played the Mohock with all his contemporaries. Sir Walter Scott, whose "*obliged friend and faithful servant*," he subscribes himself in his dedication to Cain, was, a few years ago, the object of his ridicule. He was told to

— forego the poet's sacred name,

as one of those,

Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame, -  
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,  
And bid a long good night to Marmion.‡

And even his now still dearer and more intimate friend Moore was

— LITTLE, young Catullus of his day,  
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay !§

called "lewd," and bid to mend his line, and sin no more. It is astonishing how so virtuous a youth as his Lordship seems to have been, could be so greatly changed by the climates of Greece and Italy. But we revert to the contest. Provoked as we have seen, Southey, in his *Vision of Judgment*, retorts on the assailant. Speaking of literary intolerance, in his preface, he observes,

"Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English poetry has, in our days, first been polluted ! For more than half a century English literature had been distin-

\* "See The Old Woman of Berkley, a Ballad, by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a 'high trotting horse.'"

† "The last line, 'God help thee,' is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-jacobin to Mr. Southey, on his Dactyls,

"'God help thee, silly one.'—Poetry of the Anti-jacobin, page 23."

‡ English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

§ Ibid.



guished by its moral purity, the effect, and in its turn, the cause of an improvement in national manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it did not bear, either in its title-page or frontispiece, manifest signs that it was intended as furniture for the brothel. There was no danger in any work which bore the name of a respectable publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable bookseller's. This was particularly the case with regard to our poetry. It is now no longer so; and wo to those by whom the offence cometh! The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more enduring will be his shame. Whether it be that the laws are in themselves unable to abate an evil of this magnitude, or whether it be that they are remissly administered, and with such injustice that the celebrity of an offender serves as a privilege whereby he obtains impunity, individuals are bound to consider that such pernicious works would neither be published nor written, if they were discouraged as they might, and ought to be, by public feeling; every person, therefore, who purchases such books, or admits them into his house, promotes the mischief, and thereby, as far as in him lies, becomes an aider and abettor of the crime.

"The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences which can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must!) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pandar of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

"These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings, who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of colouring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favourite vices, and deceive themselves. What then should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood and with deliberate purpose?—Men of diseased hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labour to



make others as miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul! The school which they have set up may properly be called the Satanic school; for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterized by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied."

This castigation, not more heavy than merited, appears to have galled Lord Byron not a little; and his rejoinder speedily appeared in the shape of a Note on the Foscari. It follows:

"Mr. Southey, too, in his pious preface to a poem whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat Tyler, because it is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the 'legislature to look to it,' as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution: *not* such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the 'Satanic School.' This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. \* \* \* \* \*

"Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley*? \* \* \*

"Mr. S., with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated 'death-bed repentance' of the objects of his dislike; and indulges himself in a pleasant 'Vision of Judgment,' in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. S.'s sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence, neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, I have not waited for a 'death-bed' to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the 'diabolical pride' which this pitiful renegade in his rancour would impute to those who scorn *him*. Whether upon the whole the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate is not for me to ascertain; but, as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion (easily proved, if necessary,) that I, 'in my degree,' have done more real good in any one given year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence. There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calumnies of a hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance; but the only act of my life of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connexion of his own, did no dishonour to that connexion nor to me.

"I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey's calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his return from Switzerland against me and others: they

have done him no good in this world; and, if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What *his* 'death-bed' may be, it is not my province to predicate: let him settle it with his Maker, as I must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all works sitting down to deal damnation and destruction upon his fellow creatures, with Wat Tyler, the Apotheosis of George the Third, and the Elegy on Martin the regicide, all shuffled together in his writing desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note from a work of a Mr. Landor, the author of 'Gebir,' whose friendship for Robert Southey will, it seems, 'be an honour to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten.' I for one neither envy him 'the friendship,' nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thelusson's fortune in the third and fourth generation. This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epics, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in 'English Bards') Porson said 'would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, and not till then.' For the present, I leave him."

It was very sensibly remarked in the *Times Newspaper*, that it was much easier for these combatants to vilify and bespatter each other, than to defend each his proper self. But after all, Mr. Southey's single offence is a common and venial crime when compared with the enormous guilt of his opponent, who links himself in the closest bonds with that abhorrence of humanity, the avowed Atheist, and devotes his brilliant talents, with fiend-like energy, to subvert all that is valuable in social life or blessed in future hope. No doubt, Mr. Southey, like many young and enthusiastic men, was misled by the glare of the French revolution, and mistaking its lurid blaze for a pure flame, wrote Wat Tyler. Nay, we have reason to believe that he went still further; for, though never stated to the public, we are credibly assured, that so zealous was the present Laureat at that time in the cause of Jacobinism, he absolutely went to Newgate with one of his celebrated poetical friends, habited as pilgrims about to abandon this infamous country, and, as money was a scarce commodity, gave to a convicted traitor the *Manuscript of Wat Tyler*, as the only valuable gift in his power to bestow on this Martyr to Liberty.\* But it would be too much to entail these follies of youth irrevocably on the life of man. Mr. Southey changed his opinions, as many an honest politician has done; and he has accepted an office under Government, which many of those who rail against him would be glad to do. All then that could be required as the result of such a course is, that he should censure temperately and judge candidly the principles, motives and

\* If this is not correctly stated, we are open to Mr. Southey's contradiction.



conduct of his fellow creatures; but there is no moral taint on the character of this able and distinguished individual.

His last reply to Lord Byron appeared (addressed to the editor) in the *Courier Newspaper* of Friday the 11th, whence we copy it.

"Having seen in the newspapers a note relating to myself, extracted from a recent publication of Lord Byron's, I request permission to reply, through the medium of your Journal.

"I come at once to his Lordship's charge against me, blowing away the abuse with which it is frothed, and evaporating a strong acid in which it is suspended. The residuum then appears to be, that 'Mr. Southey, on his return from Switzerland (in 1817) scattered abroad calumnies, knowing them to be such, against Lord Byron and others.' To this I reply with a *direct and positive denial*.

"If I had been told in that country that Lord Byron had turned Turk, or Monk of La Trappe—that he had furnished a *harem*, or endowed a hospital, I might have thought the account, whichever it had been, possible, and repeated it accordingly; passing it, as it had been taken, in the small change of conversation, for no more than it was worth. In this manner I might have spoken of him, as of Baron Gerambe, the Green Man, the Indian Jugglers, or any other *figurante* of the time being. There was no reason for any particular delicacy on my part, in speaking of his Lordship: and, indeed, I should have thought any thing which might be reported of him, would have injured his character as little as the story which so greatly annoyed Lord Keeper Guildford, that he had ridden a rhinoceros. He may ride a rhinoceros, and though every body would stare, no one would wonder. But, making no inquiry concerning him when I was abroad, because I felt no curiosity, I heard nothing, and had nothing to repeat. When I spoke of wonders to my friends and acquaintance on my return, it was of the flying-tree at Alpucht, and the 11,000 virgins at Cologne—not of Lord Byron. I sought for no staler subject than Ursula.

"Once, and once only, in connexion with Switzerland, I have alluded to his Lordship; and, as the passage was curtailed in the press, I take this opportunity of restoring it. In the *Quarterly Review*, speaking incidentally of the Jungfrau, I said, 'it was the scene where Lord Byron's *Manfred* met the devil and bullied him—though the devil must have won his cause before any tribunal in this world, or the next, if he had not pleaded more feebly for himself, than his advocate, in a cause of canonization, ever pleaded for him.'

"With regard to the 'others,' whom his Lordship accuses me of calumniating, I suppose he alludes to a party of his friends, whose names I found written in the Album, at Mont-Anvert,



with an avowal of Atheism annexed, in the Greek, and an indignant comment, in the same language, underneath it. These names, with that avowal and the comment, I transcribed in my note-book, and spoke of the circumstance on my return. If I had published it, the Gentleman in question would not have thought himself slandered, by having that recorded of him which he has so often recorded himself.

“The many opprobrious appellations which Lord Byron has bestowed upon me, I leave, as I find them, with the praises which he has bestowed upon himself.

How easily is a noble spirit discern'd  
From harsh and sulphurous matter, that flies out  
In contumelies, makes a noise and stinks!

*B. Jonson.*

But I am accustomed to such things; and, so far from irritating me, are the enemies who use such weapons, that, when I hear of their attacks, it is some satisfaction to think they have thus employed the malignity which must have been employed somewhere, and could not have been directed against any person whom it could possibly molest or injure less. The viper, however venomous in purpose, is harmless in effect, while it is biting at the file. It is seldom, indeed, that I waste a word, or a thought upon those who are perpetually assailing me. But abhorring, as I do, the personalities which disgrace our current literature, and averse from controversy as I am, both by principle and inclination, I make no profession of non-resistance. When the offence, and the offender, are such as to call for the whip and branding-iron, it has been both seen and felt that I can inflict them.

“Lord Byron’s present exacerbation is evidently produced by an infliction of this kind—not by hearsay reports of my conversation, four years ago, transmitted him from England. The cause may be found in certain remarks upon the Satanic school of poetry, contained in my preface to the *Vision of Judgmet*. Well would it be for Lord Byron if he could look back upon any of his writings, with as much satisfaction as I shall always do upon what is there said of that flagitious school. Many persons, and parents especially, have expressed their gratitude to me for having applied the branding-iron where it was so richly deserved. The Edinburgh Reviewer, indeed, with that honourable feeling by which his criticisms are so peculiarly distinguished, suppressing the remarks themselves, has imputed them wholly to envy on my part. I give him, in this instance, full credit for sincerity: I believe he was equally incapable of comprehending a worthier motive, or of inventing a worse; and, as I have never condescended to expose, in any instance, his pitiful malevolence, I thank him for having, in this, stript it bare himself, and exhibited it in its bald, naked, and undisguised deformity.

"Lord Byron, like his encomiast, has not ventured to bring the matter of those animadversions into view. He conceals the fact, that they are directed against the authors of blasphemous and lascivious books; against men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labour to make others the slaves of sensuality, like themselves—against public panders, who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and to carry profanation and pollution into private families, and into the hearts of individuals.

"His Lordship has thought it not unbecoming in him to call me a scribbler of all work. Let the word *scribbler* pass; it is not an appellation which will stick like that of *the Satanic School*. But, if a scribbler, how am I one of *all work*? I will tell Lord Byron what I have *not* scribbled—what kind of work I have *not* done. I have never published libels upon my friends and acquaintance, expressed my sorrow for those libels, and called them in during a mood of better mind—and then re-issued them, when the evil spirit, which for a time has been cast out, had returned and taken possession, with seven others, more wicked than himself. I have never abused the power, of which every author is in some degree possessed, to wound the character of a man, or the heart of a woman. I have never sent into the world a book to which I did not dare to affix my name; or which I feared to claim in a Court of Justice, if it were pirated by a knavish bookseller. I have never manufactured furniture for the brothel. None of *these things* have I done; none of the foul work by which literature is perverted to the injury of mankind. My hands are clean; there is no 'damned spot' upon them—no taint, which all the 'perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten.'

"Of the work which I have done, it becomes me not here to speak, save only as relates to the *Satanic School*, and its Coryphæus, the author of *Don Juan*. I have held up that school to public detestation, as enemies to the religion, the institutions, and the domestic morals of their country. I have given them a designation to which their founder and leader ANSWERS. I have sent a stone from my sling which has smitten their Goliath in the forehead. I have fastened his name upon the gibbet, for reproach and ignominy, as long as it shall endure.—Take it down who can!

"One word of advice to Lord Byron before I conclude.—When he attacks me again, let it be in rhyme. For one who has so little command of himself, it will be a great advantage that his temper should be obliged to *keep tune*. And while he may still indulge in the same rankness and virulence of insult, the metre will, in some degree, seem to lessen its vulgarity.

Kenwick, Jan. 5, 1822.


ROBERT SOUTHEY."

VOL. II.—*Sat. Mag.*

2 X



Upon this, as upon the other documents, a few observations may possibly be made, which will render it more intelligible to readers. The allusion to Montanvert is best understood by persons who have seen the Album kept at that place for the visitors of Mont Blanc to inscribe with their names, &c. Here the travelling companion, the fidus Achates, and the admired poet of Lord Byron, has recorded his infamy by the signature of *P. Bysshe Shelley* "ATHEIST,"\* (in Greek characters, not in plain English as in *Queen Mab*, where he has so blasphemously written "*there is no God;*") and his female associates have added their names. To know who these examples of our national character in France, Switzerland, and Italy are, it may be requisite to mention a curious little volume published by Mr. Hookham in 1817, and intitled, "*History of a Six Weeks Tour,*" &c. "with letters descriptive of a sail round the Lake of Geneva, and of the Glaciers of Chamouni." The Tour is the performance of one of the ladies whose signature graces the Album of Montalvert, (viz. Shelley's *second wife*,†) the daughter and namesake of Mary Wolstoncraft, by the philosopher Godwin;‡ and the letters, except two, are his own, addressed to one T. P. esq. (Peacock, as it is understood, the author of recent poetical publications.) In these his intimacy with Lord Byron, and their exploits in journeying together are detailed. He tells us that his companion is "an excellent swimmer," that "he rises late;" that "he gathered Acacia leaves at Lausanne, in memory of Gibbon;" and that they visited the dungeons of Chillon. He also (we presume painting the nature of their intimacy) says "*associated man holds it as the very sacrament of his union to forswear all delicacy, all benevolence, all remorse, all that is true,*

\* The noble Lord does say, that his opinions "differ materially from Shelley's on the metaphysical portion of his works:" what must his tenets be to whom such a disavowal is necessary? It is in the same paragraph of his note on the Foscari, that his Lordship charges the Literary Gazette with misrepresentation. He asserts, that we accused him erroneously of writing the Notes to *Queen Mab*. This is exactly like his appropriating the nameless challenge of being the Coryphæus of the "Satanic School:" our words are (see Lit. Gaz. Vol. for 1821, p. 308)—"The notes are worthy of the Poem, and it is said that those distinguished by an  are the production of a noble Lord, who once lived in unrestrained intimacy with the author, and partook of the pleasures of his free mode of testifying to the sincerity of his professed opinions." If Lord B. did not write the notes, how far the description is accurate will be shown in the text above. He insinuates also, that he does not read the Literary Gazette; we wish he did, both for his literary information and moral improvement.

† This dame is of true spirit for travelling, nothing frightens her. At one place where the army had been just disbanded, and she was dissuaded from the risk of wandering, as among so many dissolute soldiers and officers "*les dames seroient certainement enlevées;*" she tells us, that she was "*proof against this argument.*"

‡ The other is Miss Clermont, another daughter of Mrs. Wolstoncraft's to another lover, and consequently half-sister to Mrs. Shelley: these are the parties with whom Byron lived and lives in holy communion.



or tender or sublime." Perhaps the candour of this confession would account for the amiable party's being shunned like pestilence, by every respectable person in Switzerland.

It would be prolonging this article too much to pursue the subject of Lord Byron's connexion with the Shelley travellers, and we shall conclude with mentioning some reports current in the literary circles relative to his last work. It is said, that the highest authority in this kingdom has signified his marked displeasure at the blasphemies of *Cain*; and that it will consequently not be reprinted: at any rate that it will not be republished by the respectable bookseller whose name it now bears. The same authority is stated to have expressed his surprise that the two great Reviewers of the day should have spared the immoral and pernicious works of Lord Byron. One of them, indeed, independent of threats, is, to a certain degree, of a party with the writer; but the other assuredly blinks this bounden duty, while it expends its wrath upon the lesser slang-whangers,\* Hunts, and Shelleys of the press.

We trust that this stigma on the most celebrated critical tribunals in the country will soon be effaced by a just, manly and able Review of Byron's impious works: in the meantime we notice with satisfaction that a short but clever pamphlet has been published on the subject under the signature of OXONIENSIS.† While we recommend this *brochure* to notice, we must guard ourselves by saying, that in our opinion, many sufficing reasons might be assigned for exculpating the publisher from the censure it casts upon him. This is, however, no question for us to decide; and we take leave of the whole matter, thanking our new auxiliary, and hoping for amendment in the levellers of order and religion.

\* A name the Quarterly has fixed on Hazlitt.

† "A remonstrance addressed to Mr. John Murray, respecting a recent publication," pp. 20. Rivingtons; and said to be by a Dignitary of the church. It broadly charges Lord B. with plagiarism throughout his *Cain*, which is a complete *Cento* from Bayle and Voltaire, especially in the former, heads "Cain, Adam, Eve, Abel, Manicheus, Paulicius, Marcionites," and the latter, Micromégus, Babouc, &c. On this subject of plagiarisms, the charges of the Literary Gazette are now ringing throughout the literary world. The *Cheltenham Chronicle*, a clever Journal, which judiciously devotes a very large proportion of its pages to literature, has lately the following strong paragraph on that point:—"The noble Bard seems strangely sensitive on the charge of plagiarism alleged against him. \* \* \* \* But with respect to *plagiary*, we pledge ourselves to prove that *Gulnare*, in his beautiful poem of *The Corsair*, is every thing but an original character; and we are further prepared to show that one of the most highly-commended scenes in the last canto of *Don Juan* is a perfect and total plagiary; so total and so perfect, that we can (and, perhaps, we very shortly may) produce the source from whence his Lordship has minutely borrowed, not merely the circumstances, situations, and incidents of the scene, but the *very language*. The work to which we allude is scarce, but we have it, and shall produce it."

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

*Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.*

(Continued from page 313.)

I shall be charged with mysticism, Behmenism, quietism, &c. but that shall not alarm me. Sir H. Vane, the younger, was one of our wisest men : and let my readers see if he, in his philosophical works, be half as unmystical as I am.—I say, then, that it has often struck me that the scene itself was somewhat typical of what took place in such a reverie. The town of L—— represented the earth, with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight, nor wholly forgotten. The ocean, in everlasting but gentle agitation, and brooded over by dove-like calm, might not unfitly typify the mind and the mood which then swayed it. For it seemed to me as if then first I stood at a distance, and aloof from the uproar of life ; as if the tumult, the fever, and the strife, were suspended ; a respite granted from the secret burdens of the heart ; a sabbath of repose ; a resting from human labours. Here were the hopes which blossom in the paths of life, reconciled with the peace which is in the grave ; motions of the intellect as unwearied as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm : a tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms ; infinite activities, infinite repose.

Oh ! just, subtle, and mighty opium ! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for “the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,” bringest an assuaging balm ; eloquent opium ! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath ; and to the guilty man, for one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood ; and to the proud man, a brief oblivion for

Wrongs unredress'd, and insults unavenged ;

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses ; and confoundest perjury ; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges :—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendour of Babylon and Hekatompylos : and “from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,” callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the “dishonours of the grave.” Thou only givest these gifts to man ; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium !

*Introduction to the Pains of Opium.*

Courteous, and, I hope, indulgent reader (for all my readers must be indulgent ones, or else, I fear, I shall shock them too



much to count on their courtesy,) having accompanied me thus far, now let me request you to move onwards, for about eight years; that is to say, from 1804 (when I have said that my acquaintance with opium first began) to 1812. The years of academic life are now over and gone—almost forgotten:—the student's cap no longer presses my temples; if my cap exist at all, it presses those of some youthful scholar, I trust, as happy as myself, and as passionate a lover of knowledge. My gown is, by this time, I dare to say, in the same condition with many thousands of excellent books in the Bodleian, viz. diligently perused by certain studious moths and worms: or departed, however, (which is all that I know of its fate,) to that great reservoir of *somewhere*, to which all the tea-cups, tea-cadies, tea-pots, tea-kettles, &c. have departed (not to speak of still frailer vessels, such as glasses, decanters, bed-makers, &c.) which occasional resemblances in the present generation of tea-cups, &c. remind me of having once possessed, but of whose departure and final fate I, in common with most gownsmen of either university, could give, I suspect, but an obscure and conjectural history. The persecutions of the chapel-bell, sounding its unwelcome summons to six o'clock matins, interrupts my slumbers no longer: the porter who rang it, upon whose beautiful nose (bronze, inlaid with copper) I wrote, in retaliation, so many Greek epigrams, whilst I was dressing, is dead, and has ceased to disturb any body: and I, and many others, who suffered much from his tintinnabulous propensities, have now agreed to overlook his errors, and have forgiven him. Even with the bell I am now in charity: it rings, I suppose, as formerly, thrice a-day: and cruelly annoys, I doubt not, many worthy gentlemen, and disturbs their peace of mind: but as to me, in this year 1812, I regard its treacherous voice no longer (treacherous I call it, for, by some refinement of malice, it spoke in as sweet and silvery tones as if it had been inviting one to a party): its tones have no longer, indeed, power to reach me, let the wind sit as favourable as the malice of the bell itself could wish: for I am 250 miles away from it, and buried in the depth of mountains. And what am I doing amongst the mountains? Taking opium. Yes, but what else? Why, reader, in 1812, the year we are now arrived at, as well as for some years previous, I have been chiefly studying German metaphysics, in the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, &c. And how, and in what manner do I live? in short, what class or description of men do I belong to? I am at this period, viz. in 1812, living in a cottage; and with a single female servant (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), who, amongst my neighbours, passes by the name of my "house-keeper." And, as a scholar and a man of learned education, and in that sense a gentleman, I may presume to class myself as



an unworthy member of that indefinite body called *gentlemen*. Partly on the ground I have assigned, perhaps; partly because, from my having no visible calling or business, it is rightly judged that I must be living on my private fortune; I am so classed by my neighbours: and, by the courtesy of modern England, I am usually addressed on letters, &c. *esquire*, though having, I fear, in the rigorous construction of heralds, but slender pretensions to that distinguished honour: yes, in popular estimation, I am X. Y. Z., *esquire*, but not Justice of the Peace, nor Custos Rotulorum. Am I married? Not yet. And I still take opium? On Saturday nights. And, perhaps, have taken it unblushingly ever since "the rainy Sunday," and "the stately Pantheon," and "the beatific druggist" of 1804?—Even so. And how do I find my health after all this opium-eating? in short, how do I do? Why, pretty well, I thank you, reader: in the phrase of ladies in the straw, "as well as can be expected." In fact, if I dared to say the real and simple truth, though, to satisfy the theories of medical men, I ought to be ill, I was never better in my life than in the spring of 1812; and I hope sincerely, that the quantity of claret, port, or "particular Madeira," which, in all probability, you, good reader, have taken, and design to take, for every term of eight years, during your natural life, may as little disorder your health as mine was disordered by the opium I had taken for the eight years, between 1804 and 1812. Hence you may see again the danger of taking any medical advice from *Anastasius*; in divinity, for aught I know, or law, he may be a safe counsellor; but not in medicine. No: it is far better to consult Dr. Buchan; as I did: for I never forgot that worthy man's excellent suggestion: and I was "particularly careful not to take above five-and-twenty ounces of laudanum." To this moderation and temperate use of the article, I may ascribe it, I suppose, that as yet, at least, (*i. e.* in 1812) I am ignorant and unsuspecting of the avenging terrors which opium has in store for those who abuse its lenity. At the same time, it must not be forgotten, that hitherto I have been only a dilettante eater of opium: eight years practice even, with the single precaution of allowing sufficient intervals between every indulgence, has not been sufficient to make opium necessary to me as an article of daily diet. But now comes a different era. Move on, if you please, reader, to 1813. In the summer of the year we have just quitted, I had suffered much in bodily health from distress of mind connected with a very melancholy event. This event, being no ways related to the subject now before me, further than through the bodily illness which it produced, I need not more particularly notice. Whether this illness of 1812 had any share in that of 1813, I know not: but so it was, that in the latter year, I was attacked by a most appalling irritation

of the stomach, in all respects the same as that which had caused me so much suffering in youth, and accompanied by a revival of all the old dreams. This is the point of my narrative on which, as respects my own self-justification, the whole of what follows may be said to hinge. And here I find myself in a perplexing dilemma:—Either, on the one hand, I must exhaust the reader's patience, by such a detail of my malady, and of my struggles with it, as might suffice to establish the fact of my inability to wrestle any longer with irritation and constant suffering: or, on the other hand, by passing lightly over this critical part of my story, I must forego the benefit of a stronger impression left on the mind of the reader, and must lay myself open to the misconception of having slipped by the easy and gradual steps of self-indulging persons, from the first to the final stage of opium-eating (a misconception to which there will be a lurking predisposition in most readers, from my previous acknowledgments). This is the dilemma: the first horn of which would be sufficient to toss and gore any column of patient readers, though drawn up sixteen deep and constantly relieved by fresh men: consequently *that* is not to be thought of. It remains then, that I *postulate* so much as is necessary for my purpose. And let me take as full credit for what I postulate as if I had demonstrated it, good reader, at the expense of your patience and my own. Be not so ungenerous as to let me suffer in your good opinion through my own forbearance and regard for your comfort. No: believe all that I ask of you, viz. that I could resist no longer, believe it liberally, and as an act of grace: or else in mere prudence: for, if not, then in the next edition of my *Opium Confessions* revised and enlarged, I will make you believe, and tremble: and *à force d'ennuyer*, by mere dint of pandiculation I will terrify all readers of mine from ever again questioning any postulate that I shall think fit to make.

(*To be continued.*)

---

#### BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

##### *The Eighth Century.*

(Continued from page 315.)

Early in this century, the Scriptures were translated into Arabic, by John Archbishop of Seville, and disseminated among the Saracens. Within the three succeeding ages other translations were made; the Syriac and Coptic, about the middle of this period, ceasing to be living languages.

The venerable Bede in the eighth century rendered the Gospel of St. John into Anglo-Saxon. This distinguished man wrote on all the branches of knowledge then cultivated in Europe,



and died in 735. His little oratory or study at Weremouth, near the monastery, and his rude oaken chair, remained till the 16th century, and are mentioned by Leland. A copy of some of St. Paul's Epistles in his hand-writing is said to be preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. About the same era lived Willibrod, a celebrated Christian teacher, born in Northumberland, whose apostolic labours in Friesland acquired him great reputation; and Winfrid, afterwards called Boniface, born at Kirton, Devonshire. The latter also preached the gospel zealously and successfully in the eastern parts of Germany, in 746 founded the great abbey of Fuld or Fulden, and was slain with some followers by banditti about ten years after. A third eminent Missionary in this age of Missions was Willehad, called the Apostle of Saxony, but a Northumbrian and a learned as well as pious man. A still more famous contemporary was Alcuin, called also Flaccus Albinus, another Englishman, educated, if not born, at York, and the literary friend of Charlemagne. He was so rich in possessions as to have 20,000 vassals, none of whom could marry without his consent, all of whom were obliged to labour three days in the week for their lord, and over most of whom he had the power of life and death. Such were the rewards of learning and piety in those times. His great work was a revision of the Latin Bible; but his writings were so numerous that the edition of them published by Frobenius, in 1777, occupied four quarto volumes.

Notwithstanding these and other lights of intellect, the Western World sunk more and more into darkness, and ignorance instead of science gained ground. An Archbishop of Rheims, Gislemar, was unable to understand the literal meaning of a portion of the Gospels which he read.

"In Germany, a certain priest was so totally unacquainted with the Latin, the common language of the church offices, that he baptized in the name *Patri, Filia, et Spiritus Sancta*; and a question arising as to the legitimacy of the baptism, it was judged proper to refer it to Pope Zachary for his decision. This was the same pope who imprisoned Virgilius, for asserting the existence of the Antipodes; though Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, vol. iii. p. 173, endeavours to prove that the error of Virgilius was that of maintaining that there were other men under the earth, another sun and moon, and another world; or, in other words, another race of men, who did not descend from Adam, and were not redeemed by Christ; and that this being contrary to the Scriptures, he was justly censurable. But whether he taught the spherical form of the earth, or the plurality of worlds, his condemnation is sufficient to prove the low state of scientific acquirements, by even the highest dignitaries of the church."\*

\* Townley's Illustrations, Vol. i. p. 258.



The military spirit of the age also infected the clergy, and hawking priests were at least as prominent then, as hunting parsons are now. The service of the altar was not unfrequently performed in mail; and the lives of holy men and women were universally as unholy as can be imagined. The state of learning may be conjectured from the poetical Catalogue of Books in the celebrated library of Egbert, Archbishop of York, which, as Mr. Sharon Turner says, is "the oldest Catalogue perhaps existing in all the regions of literature, certainly the oldest existing in England." This curious document, which is in Latin, has been imitated; it opens thus—

Here, duly placed on consecrated ground,  
The studied works of many an age are found.  
The ancient *Fathers*' reverend remains;  
The *Roman Laws*, which freed a world from chains;  
Whate'er of lore passed from immortal *Greece*  
To *Latian* lands, and gained a rich increase;  
All that *blest Israel* drank in showers from heaven;  
Or *Afric* sheds, soft as the dew of even;  
*Jerom*, the father 'mong a thousand sons:  
And *Hilary*, whose sense profusely runs.

The list proceeds, and mentions Hilary, Ambrose, Augustin, Athanasius, Orosius, Gregory, Pope Leo, Basil, Fulgentius, Cassiodorus, Chrysostom, Adheimus, Beda, Victorinus, Boetius, Pompey (the Historian), Pliny, Aristotle, Cicero, Sedulius, Juvenius, Alcuin, Clemens, Prosper, Paulinus, Arator, Fortunatus, Lactantius, Virgil, Statius, Lucan, Donatus, Focas, Priscian, Probus, Servius, Euticius, Pompey (the Grammarian), and Commenian, besides many others not named. It is justly remarked by Mr. Townley, that—

"Celebrated as this library was, it appears to have contained only fourteen fathers and ecclesiastical works, ten ancient classics, including two or three modern Latin writers, six grammarians and scholiasts, and six modern Latin poets; yet this was the library of which Alcuin speaks in a letter to Charlemagne: 'O that I had the use of those admirable books, on all parts of learning, which I enjoyed in my native country; collected by the industry of my beloved master Egbert. May it please your imperial majesty, in your great wisdom, to permit me to send some of our youth to transcribe the most valuable books in that library, and thereby transplant the flowers of Britain into France.'

"It is singular too, that England was regarded as so excellent a mart for books, that as early as the year 705, books were brought hither for sale."

(*To be continued.*)

## Biography.

---

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

(*Continued from p. 285.*)

During the vacations he usually resorted to London, where he was assiduous in his attendance on the schools of Angelo, for the sake of accomplishing himself in the manly exercises of fencing and riding; and, at home, directed his attention to modern languages, and familiarized himself with the best writers in Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese: "thus," he observed, "with the fortune of a peasant, he gave himself the education of a prince."

The year after his entrance at college, he accepted a proposal that was made him to undertake the education of Lord Althorpe, then a child about seven years old; and for that purpose spent much of his time at Wimbledon, where he composed many of his English poems, and studied attentively the Hebrew Bible, particularly the prophetical writings, and the book of Job.

In the summer of 1766, a fellowship of University College unexpectedly became vacant; and being conferred on Jones, secured him the enjoyment of that independence which he had so much desired. With independence he seems to have been satisfied; for, on his return to Wimbledon, he declined an offer made him by the Duke of Grafton, then first lord of the treasury, of the place of interpreter for eastern languages. The same answer which conveyed his refusal recommended in earnest terms his friend Mirza as one fitted to perform the duties of the office, but the application remained unnoticed; and he regretted that his inexperience in such matters had prevented him from adopting the expedient of nominally accepting the employment for himself and consigning the profits of it to the Syrian.

In 1767 he began his treatise *De Poesi Asiatica*, on the plan of Lowth's *Prælectiones*, and composed a Persian grammar for the use of a schoolfellow, who was about to go to India. His usual course of study was for a short time interrupted by an attendance on Earl Spencer, the father of his pupil, to Spa. The ardour of his curiosity as a linguist made him gladly seize the opportunity afforded him by this expedition of obtaining some knowledge of German. Nor was he so indifferent to slighter accomplishments as not to avail himself of the instructions of a celebrated dancing master at Aix-la-Chapelle. He had before taken lessons from Gallini in that trifling art. From a pensioner at Chelsea he had learnt the use of the broadsword. He afterwards made an attempt, in which, however, he does not seem to



have persevered, to become a performer on the national instrument of his forefathers, the harp. Ambition of such various attainments reminds us of what is related concerning the Admirable Crichton, and Pico of Mirandola.

Christian the Seventh, king of Denmark, who in 1768 was on a visit to this country, had brought with him a Persian history of Nadir Shah in manuscript, which he was desirous to have translated from that language into the French. On this occasion Jones was applied to by one of the under secretaries to the Duke of Grafton, to gratify the wishes of the Danish monarch. The task was so little to his mind that he would have excused himself from engaging in it; and he accordingly suggested Major Dow, a gentleman already distinguished by his translations from the Persic, as one fit to be employed; but he likewise pleading his other numerous occupations as a reason for not undertaking this, and the application to Jones being renewed, with an intimation that it would be disgraceful to the country if the king should be compelled to take the manuscript into France, he was at length stimulated to a compliance. At the expiration of a twelvemonth, during which interval it had been more than once eagerly demanded, the work was accomplished. The publication of it was completed in 1770, and forty copies were transmitted to the court of Denmark. To the history was appended a treatise on Oriental poetry, written also in French. One of the chief difficulties imposed on the translator had been the necessity of using that language in the version, of which it could not be expected that he should possess an entire command; but to obviate this inconvenience, he called in the aid of a Frenchman who corrected the inaccuracies in the diction. Christian expressed himself well satisfied with the manner in which his intentions had been fulfilled: but a diploma, constituting the translator a member of the Royal Society at Copenhagen, together with an earnest recommendation of him to the regard of his own sovereign, were the sole rewards of his labour. Of the history he afterwards published an abridgment in English.

The predilection he had conceived for the muses of the east, whom, with the blind idolatry of a lover, he exalted above those of Greece and Rome, was further strengthened by his intercourse with an illustrious foreigner whom they had almost as much captivated. The person, with whom this similarity of taste connected him, was Charles Reviczki, afterwards imperial minister at Warsaw, and ambassador at the English court with the title of count. Their correspondence, which turns principally on the object of their common pursuit, and is written in the French and Latin languages, commenced in 1768. At this time he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts.

In the summer of the ensuing year, Jones accompanied his pupil to the school at Harrow. During his residence there he transcribed his Persian grammar. He had already begun a dictionary of that language, with illustrations of the principal words from celebrated writers, a work of vast labour, which he resolved not to prosecute without the assurance of an adequate remuneration from the East India Company.

At the entreaty of Dr. Glasse, he now dedicated some portion of his time to religious inquiry. The result was a conviction of the truth of Christianity, in his belief of which, it is said, he had hitherto been unconfirmed. In the winter he made a second visit to the continent with the family of his noble patron. After a longer stay at Paris than was agreeable to him, they passed down the Rhine to Lyons, and thence proceeded by Marseilles, Frejus, and Antibes, to Nice. At the last of these places they resided long enough to allow of his returning to his studies, which were divided between the arts of music and painting; the mathematics; and military tactics—a science of which he thought no Briton could, without disgrace, be ignorant. He also wrote a treatise on education; and began a tragedy, entitled *Soliman*, on the murder of the son of that monarch by the treachery of his step-mother. Of the latter, although it appears from one of his letters that he had completed it, no traces were found among his papers, except a prefatory discourse too unfinished to meet the public eye. The subject has been treated by Champfort, a late French writer, and one of the best among Racine's school, in a play called *Mustapha and Zeangir*. I do not recollect, and have not now the means of ascertaining, whether that fine drama, the *Solimano* of Prospero Bonarelli, is founded on the same tragic incident in the Turkish history.

An excursion which he had meditated to Florence, Rome, and Naples; he was under the necessity of postponing to a future occasion. On his way back he diverged to Geneva, in hopes of seeing Voltaire; but was disappointed, as the Frenchman excused himself, on account of age and sickness, from conversing with a stranger. At Paris he succeeded by the help of some previous knowledge of the Chinese character, and by means of Couplet's Version of the Works of Confucius, in constructing a poem by that writer, from a selection in the king's library, and sent a literal version of it to his friend Reviczki. From the French capital the party returned through Spa to England. During their short residence at Spa he sketched the plan of an epic poem, on the discovery of Britain by the Prince of Tyre. The suggestion and advice of his friends, who thought that abilities and attainments like his required a more extensive sphere of action than was afforded



them by the discharge of his duties as a private tutor, strengthened, probably, by a consciousness of his own power, induced him to relinquish that employment, and henceforward to apply himself to the study and practice of the law. An almost enthusiastic admiration of the legal institutions of his own country, a pure and ardent zeal for civil liberty, and an eminent independence and uprightness of mind, were qualifications that rendered this destination of his talents not less desirable in a public view than it was with reference to his individual interests. He accordingly entered himself a member of the Temple, on the 19th of September, 1770. To faculties of so comprehensive a grasp, the abandonment of his philological researches was not indispensable for the successful prosecution of his new pursuit. Variety was perhaps even a necessary aliment of his active mind, which without it might have drooped and languished. Indeed, the cultivation of eastern learning eventually proved of singular service to him in his juridical capacity.

In 1771, he published in French a pamphlet in answer to Anquetil du Perron's attack on the University of Oxford, in the discourse prefixed to his "*Zind-Avesta*;" and entered on "*A History of the Turks*," the introduction to which was printed, but not made public till after his death. He had a design to apply for the office of minister at Constantinople, in the event of a termination of the war with Russia, and looked forward with eagerness to an opportunity of contemplating the Turkish manners at their source. A small volume of his poems, consisting chiefly of translations, from the eastern languages, with two prose dissertations annexed, made their appearance in the following year, when he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. From the preface to the poems, it appears that his relish for the Greek and Roman writers had now returned; and that he justly regarded them as the standard of true taste. His terms not having been regularly kept in the University, (where his mother and sister had still continued to reside) he did not take his degree of Master of Arts till the Easter of 1773. In the January following he was called to the bar. At the conclusion of the preface to his *Commentaries de Poesi Asiatica*, published at this period, he announces his determination to quit the service of the muses, and apply himself entirely to his professional studies. In a letter to Reviczki, of February, 1775, we find him declaring that he no longer intended to solicit the embassy to Constantinople. This year he attended the spring circuit, and sessions at Oxford; and the next was appointed one of the commissioners of bankrupts, and was to be found regularly as a legal practitioner in Westminster Hall. At the same time, that he might not lose

sight of classical literature, he was assiduous in his perusal of the Grecian orators, and employed himself in a version of the Orations of Isæus; nor does he appear to have broken off his correspondence with learned foreigners, among whom were the youngest Schultens, and G. S. Michaelis. The translation of Isæus, which appears to be executed with fidelity, was published in 1779, with a dedication to Earl Bathurst, in which he declares "his lordship to have been his greatest, his only benefactor." His late appointment is the obligation to which he refers.

(To be continued.)

---

## Variety.

---

### CARDINAL D'ESTE.

This magnificent prince of the church invited Cardinal de Medicis to sup with him. After supper they played at primero for a considerable sum of money, and the Cardinal d'Este had prime, which he concealed, and lost his money to the Cardinal de Medicis. When he was gone, one of Cardinal d'Este's attendants observed to his eminence, that he had really won the game. "So I had, sir," replied he; "but I did not invite my brother cardinal here to win his money."

### MENAGE AND MARIGNY.

Menage mentions, that when Marigny contracted a friendship with him, he told him he was *upon his nail*. It was a method he had of speaking of all his friends; he also used it in his letters; one which he wrote to Menage begins thus: "*Oh! illustrious of my nail.*"

When Marigny said to any one, *You are upon my nail*, he meant two things—one, that the person was always present, nothing being more easy than to look at his nail; the other was, that good and real friends were so scarce, that even he who had the most, might write their names on his nail.

### THE EMPEROR CHARLES IV.

A merchant of Prague had lent a hundred thousand ducats to this emperor. The day afterwards he invited him to dinner, with many of his nobles, and treated them with great magnificence. During the dessert, he set before the emperor a basin of gold, in which was his note for the money he had borrowed, and said, "Sire, all the other dishes are in common for the rest of the company who have done me the honour to partake of my re-



past. This dish is destined for your Sacred Majesty, and I request you to accept of what it contains."\*

## JAMES I.

King James once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the king enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which that king was notorious.—When done, James thanked him for his sermon, but asked, what connexion swearing had with it? He answered, "Since your Majesty came out of *your* way, I could not do less than go out of *mine*."

---

## Science.

Compiled for the Saturday Magazine.

---

*Pepper.*—The analysis of black pepper (*piper nigrum*) has been recently made by Pelletier, of Paris, apparently with much care and judgment.

The results are:—1st. That the common pepper is composed of a peculiar crystalline matter, *piperin*; of a concrete and very acrid oil; of a volatile balsamic oil; of a coloured gummy substance; of an extractive principle analogous to that of leguminous plants; of malic and tartaric acids; of starch; of bassorine; of ligneous matter; of earthy and alkaline salts in small quantity.

2d. That there is no vegetable alkali in pepper, notwithstanding the assertion of M. O'Erstaidt.

3d. That the crystalline substance of pepper is of a peculiar nature.

4. That pepper owes its *flavour* to an oil slightly volatile.

A Chemical examination has been made by J. L. Lassaigne, of the fluid which produces the intolerable odour of the American skunk (*Viverra putorius*). It is contained in a sac form, of the size of a walnut, situated between the tail and the anus, having two exterior orifices. The fluid is emitted only as a defence when the animal is provoked. It consists of, 1. A volatile oil extremely powerful. 2. Of a fat oil. 3. Of a colouring matter. 4. Of sulphur confined with fatty matter in the proportion of 8-100ths. 5. Of a small quantity of hydro-sulphate of ammonia.

\* A generous action of the same kind is told of that great actor, Mr. Garrick. He had lent Mr. Berenger 500*l.* on his bond; soon afterwards he was invited to dine with him on his birthday, to meet some friends. He sent his excuses in a letter that inclosed in it his bond, which he requested him to apply to the good cheer and entertainment of his company.

*French Voyage of Discovery.*—The number for April last, of the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, contains a very interesting report of a committee of the Institute, consisting of *Hannobald, Cuvier, Desfontaines, De Rossel, Biot, Thenard, Gay Lussac, and Arrago*, relative to the voyage of Captain Treycinet, in the corvette *Urania*.

This expedition was fitted out by the government, and sent under the direction of the Royal Institute, for the purpose of making researches in the two hemispheres, respecting the figure of the earth, and the elements of terrestrial magnetism; and at the same time to embrace every occasion of extending their observation to meteorology, geography, hydrography, and the various departments of natural history.

The corvette sailed from Toulon on the 17th of September, 1817, and after touching at Gibraltar and Teneriffe, proceeded to Rio Janeiro, thence to the Cape of Good Hope, Isle of France, Bourbon, Timor, New Guinea, Marriannes, Owhyee; thence to port Jackson in New South Wales, and to Terra del Fuego, whence the vessel was driven by a violent storm, and in six days after, namely, the 13th of February, 1820, they were shipwrecked on one of the Falkland islands. From this perilous situation, in this desert island, they were happily delivered by an American ship; and without much loss of the products of their voyage, they sailed again the 27th, and stopped at Monte Video and Rio Janeiro, and arrived at Havre on the 13th of November, 1820, having been absent three years and nearly two months.

The experiments made with the pendulum and magnetical apparatus, are very numerous. And the collections brought are rich in zoology, entomology, botany, and mineralogy, and the collection of drawings is said to be one of the most remarkable which has ever been seen, by the number and variety of its subjects, and will furnish materials for the most interesting and complete work which navigation has yet produced. The National Museum will be greatly enriched by these discoveries and collections.

The report concludes thus: "It only remains for the academy to desire two things—first, that a publication, sufficiently in detail, should speedily be made, in order that science may reap the benefit deducible from this voyage.

"Secondly, that labours so arduous and important may claim for those that have performed them, the just rewards of government. These rewards will become fresh motives of encouragement to the officers, and all other persons attached to the service of our marine, to cultivate every kind of knowledge which may place them in a condition to render those important services to science, which the interesting and curious events of their voyage may enable them to furnish."